ADVER SER EDGEFIELD

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Citerature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., MARCH 23, 1853.

VOL. XVIII NO. 10.

THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

ARTHUR SIMKINS, Editor.

Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance-Two LLARS and FIFTY CENTS if not paid within six and THREE DOLLARS if not paid before the ration of the year. All subscriptions not distinctlimited at the time of subscribing, will be considas made for an indefinite period, and will be connued until all arrearages are paid, or at the option the Publisher. Supscriptions from other States ust invariably be accompanied with the cash or

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted 75 cents per Square (12 lines or less) for the first sertion, and 374 cents for each subsequent insertion. quare will be charged. All Advertisements not aving the desired number of insertious marked on the nargin, will be continued until forbid and charged

Those desiring to advertise by the year can do so or beral terms-it being distinctly understood that conracts for yearly advertising are confined to the imme liate, legitimate business of the firm or individual intracting. Transient Advertisements must be paid

For announcing a Candidate, Three Dollars, in

For Advertising Estrays Tolled, Two Dollars, to be aid by the Magistrate advertising.

Brilliant Shetch.

THE LILLY OF L-

BY J. T. TOWBRIDGE. Never shall I forget the last New Year's Eve I passed in the village of D ---. Even at this day, the strange and terrible event, which has impressed indellibly upon my soul the memory of that night, haunts my imagination in the dark mid-winter hours and not often thought it singular, that it is only at of the sleigh. the close of the year-in the dull and dreamy December-that these recollections force themselves upon me with a degree of force. It must be something in the association of the season with the incident. Whatever it and thinking I had done all duty demanded, may be, it is that something which impels resolved to follow his advice. I did not me at this moment to look book with mem-

and relate its story.

It was the night of the the cember. There was to be P-, a village eleven milyouth and pleasure meeting A considerable party of

I.—, early made prepara this ball. I was one of the company of six the twinkling stars! gentlemen—as boys advanced in their teens like to be called—who chartered a large and still the snow shricked and crackled be sleigh to be drawn by four splendid black neath the runners hoofs; and as we flew onhorses, and to be driven by the celebrated ward dark fences seemed jagged lines traced horse tamer, F—; (so well known in L—, and who may be still living there,) whose services we considered ourselves fortunate in having secured. It was just seven o'clock in the evening.

when F having faithfully picked up our party in-different parts of the village, we set grand style wheeling the four blacks into a The air was bitter cold : the glowing constellations twinkled with unsurpassed brilliancy in the clear, frosty sky; our merry voices were pouring forth the the crisp crackled and shricked beneath the stirring tones of the "Canadian boatman's hoofs of the horses and the runners of the song," which to my ear had never sounded sleigh; and the chime of the bells filled the so beautiful, and grand, and full of soul-

every heart beat high in joyful unison with brings that scene vividly before me, and fills the chime of the bells. Well provided with my soul with sadness! Oh, memory! how straw and "buffaloes," we defied the cold, dost thou by one link, drag up from the dark and only laughed the louder when we felt gulf of the past the endless chain of joys and the frost spirit tingling in our fingers and toes, and maliciously attacking our faces.

Having been disappointed in not being like the solemn sound of Sabbath bells!

Our song ceased with the chime of sl queen of my neart-who had cruelly enme to the ball, I was the bachelor of the company; all my companions being provided with partners. To conceal the aching void in my heart, I assumed an exceeding gaiety, and declared myself happy in my liberty, since it afforded me an opportunity to try my skill in driving four in hand. Fcommodated me with the reins, and I used them so as to command his approbation and at the same time to excite emulution in the gaily. hearts of one or two of my companions.

When I was too cold to enjoy driving any longer I crept into the body of the sleigh in the midst of the buffaloes and straw which enveloped the party; and William G-

proposed to take my place. No-do not, William," I heard his part-

ner say in a beseeching voice. This Lizzie Lore-who will not blush now to see her name written in tull. With the into the hotel. exception of my perfidious Mary 1 looked upon Lizzie as the most charming girl in our village. She was then sixteen-tall, slender and graceful-in short, the most perfect lilly I ever beheld. My Mary was a rose. Had Take hold of her." I preferred lillies to roses, I might have pre-

her without an equal in beauty and gracewith one exception. William was Lizzie's beau. They were quite devoted to each other, and quarrelled half frightened.

often enough for their friends to suppose there was a great deal of jealous love on both sides. They had some sort of misunderstanding that evening. William had been somewhat too attentive to some other fair oue; and Lizzie's feeling had been hurt.

It might have been as much spite as emulation of my driving which prompted William to volunteer to take the reins.

As I said before, Lizzie begged him not to change his seat. He was by her side of

"Oh!" said Lizzie, "I am so cold! But go if you like," she added in a trembling being wholly beside myself with fear, I rush-I suppose William was ashamed then to G- near the door.

tone, alluding to myself-

understands it! Ha! ha! do your duty,

And William took his seat with the driver.

I set down by Lizzie's side. Too gallant to allow William's suggesions to pass without taking advantage of it, I let my arm gently glide around the Lilly. She as gently repulsed me; and heaving a sigh, I took care of my unruly arm. I was sorry I had not put it where it belonged at first. Lizzie was nevertheless inclined to

I tried to talk with her without meeting with much encouragement towards sociability; and I was not at all sorry when William finally returned to take his seat.

I heard him whisper to Lizzie; but she answered him very briefly. I thought she must be very angry with him to be so silent.

"Are you cold now?" he asked. " Not now." "Why dou't you talk then?" "I don't feel like talking," answered Liz-

e in a low tone. 'You are angry with me?"

"Lam not angry; William!"

" Displeased!"

Lizzie made no reply,
"Well, if you are," said William between
his teeth, "I can't help it. It is impossible for me to please you always. You are continually getting angry with me about trifles. When you get over it just let me know."

I always thought William was a little cruel. He turned to Jane H-, and began to converse with her in the gayest tone he his hands clasped fiercely to his brow, groancould command. Still Lizzie said nothing. She only sighed.

Once more I endeavored to draw her into conversation; but she scarcely answered heart! How vividly the scene flashes now me. Observing my object, William put his face to hers, and said with a slight laugh-" Are you pleased yet?"

She made no reply; but seated herself in unfrequently disturbs my dreams. I have a more comfortable position in the botton "Let ber pout," laughed William. " I am

used to it. She'll get over it soonest if you leave her alone? I must confess I was partly of his opinion,

"Well, Fred will keep you warm! He fter died on his lips. Mirth faded from his countenance. He became deathly pale.

"With Lizzie ?" he gasped. Making a strong effort to appear selfpossessed in the presence of the crowd which pressed around me, I said-" I think she is

A cry of consternation quivered on every lip. Only William was silent. No direction was needed to lead him to the Lilly. Already a crowd pressed around her indicating the spot where she lay in the arms of those who were endeavoring to restore sensation.

It was too late! I heard a nurmur fall from the ashy lips of Jane H-, who had penetrated the throng, and obtained a view of her compan-

Dizzy and faint I turned away. For a moment I seemed staggering under a horrid dream. The walls reeled around me. Gastly faces and spectral forms floated before my vision in a mist.

My perfect consciousness was restored by seeing a pale figure approach, with wild gestires of despair. It was William! His face was haggared; I never saw a countenance s full of grief unutterable. He wrung his bands and muttered-" Lizzie! Lizzie!"

That was all. I took him by the hand. I e ideavored to say something-I hardly know what-something to lessen his grief-but he pushed me from him with a desperate gestire, and falling heavily upon a chair with el aloud.

How deeply was the terror of that night stamped into my young and inexperienced upon my soul! Once more I seem to gaze on the pale face of the Lilly as she lav in the co'd embrace of death, still beautiful in the magnificence of her ball-room dress!

Oh! the vain and hollow heart of youth! Not even the fate of one so young and fair could check the mad pulse of mirth, or impress a serious thought upon the gay beings who had met to celebrate the death of another year! The music pealed forth its joyous tones; the dance went on; the ball-room resounded with gayety; and in another chamber lay the corpse of the beautiful and holy book it is written that in such a year, young; and there we, her grief-stricken

Select Poetry.

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAS We will not deplore them, the days the are past; The gloom of misfortune is over them east, They were lengthened by sorrow and sullied by

Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before We have cherished fair hopes, we have plotted

brave schemes, We have lived till we find them illustre as dreams Wealth has melted like snow that is crasped in the

Yet shall we despond, while of health unbereft, And honor, bright honor, and freedein are left?

O! shall we despond, while the pages of time Yet open before us their records sublane, While books lend their treasures walling, which

Have been our high solace when compass'd by ill While humanity whispers such traths in the ear As it softens the heart, like sweet music, to hear !

O ! shall we despond, while with vision still free. We can gaze on the sky, and the earth, and the While the sunshine can waken a bust of delight

And the stars are a joy and a glory at night; While each harmony running through nature ca In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise!

O! let us no longer then vainly lament
Over seenes which have faded, a days that are

But by faith unforsaken, unawed On hope's waving banner still fixed be our glance And should fortune prove eruel and false to the last Let us look to the future and not to the past!

THERE IS A TIME TO DIE. AN EXTRACT.

"A time to die!"-A set time-an appointed time-to every one of a appointed-we do not know it-but God knows it. In His fiends, poured forth our lamentations over maiden—that child—you—sou—shall die! And escape is impossible As well might ENCOURAGEMENT FOR POOR BOYS.

It is a singular fact that the sons of the wealthy and fashionable seldom ever are able to fill the places of their parents. They become vain, idle, dissipated fops, and at tend to everything else except their own proper, mental moral and physical developments. Instead of attempting to rise upon their own good character and capabilities, they are content to rest upon the reputation of their family and ancestry. They become an excrescence upon the body politic and, disgraced. How much all this is owing to mothers, we pretend not to say. One thing of course I could not comply. is certain that young men whose mothers do seldom if ever turn out badly. They may not be brilliant, but they will at least be respectable members of society. How fathe mother may impart her own traits and Society of that city:

" Among those who formed a part of the necessaries and provisions, and administer some relief to the prisoners confined on the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means, in alle countrymen. She knew what she had to

CALIFORNIA. AS IT IS.

THE following letter which we find in our drawer, clipped from the Carolinian probably, will be found interesting to those who desire to know something practical and true about the great "gold diggings of the

DEAR COLONEL: When we parted, I promised to write to you as soon as I became sufficiently acquainted with the counbut too often, sink into the grave, degraded try to give you a satisfactory account of the resources, etc., of the country. Having the defective training and character of the been unable to hold a pen for many months,

The mineral region of California is entheir duty by exercising a judicious control, tirely unfit for agriculture, except for the growth of barley, the plains being destitute of sufficient water for irrigation.

The rivers are rapid, having made their way through successive ranges of mounneculiarities to her children may be judged tains with high banks, upon which scarcely by the following anecdote related by the an acre of arable land can be found, not Rev. Dr. Hawks, of New York, in a lecture more than sufficient to furnish one-tenth of which he delivered before the Historical the mining population with the common

The placer diggings are becoming rapidly settlement during the revolutionary struggle, exhaus'ed, notwithstanding all that is said was a poor widow, who having buried her to the contrary. I am perfectly satisfied husband, was left in poverty, with the task that miners do not average three dollars per upon her hands of rearing three sons; of these, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled than a support, or one-third. The quartz on with the youngest as the best she could. mines have ruined thousands. Millions of After the fall of Charleston, and the disas- dollars have been lost by quartz claimants. trous defeat of Col. Buford, of Virginia, by Some have expended all they had made for Tarlton, permissions was given to some several years prospecting quartz ledges, with four or five American females to carry the hope of finding deposits in the rock, and most probably for every hundred ledges that have been prospected, not more than board the prison ship and in the jails of one deposit has been found, and that not Charleston. This widow was one of the sufficiently valuable to pay the expenses of volunteers on this errand of mercy. She the Company. Others have expended thouwas admitted within the city, and braving sands in machinery, believing from the rich specimens assayed, that the rock would yield from five to fifty cents per pound, and viating the deplorable sufferings of her that in a few months they would be able to realize immense fortunes from the proceeds encounter before she went; but, notwith- of their quartz mills. But unfortunately, standing, went bravely on. Her message of all have been disappointed; two-thirds of humanity having been fulfilled, she left the quartz mills have been abandoned-a Charleston on her return; but alas! her ex- few are probably making expenses, and the posure to the pestilential atmosphere she remainder something more-but all have had been obliged to breathe, had planted in fallen far short of the expectations of their in such an hour—you—you that man—that mailen—that child—you—cou—shall die! had been obliged to breathe, had planted in fallen far short of the expectations of their unfortunate owners. Our mill was fortunate owners. Our mill was fortunate owners to be a shall die! ere she reached her home, she sank under nately small, and although it failed to pay, their paper," were required to produce an

MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL CONVENTION. In the Jackson Miss., Flag of the Union, of the 14th inst., we perceive a long list of Delegates to the Memphis Commercial Convention, appointed by Gov. Foote, in conformity with the request of the Memphis Committee of Correspondence.

This Convention will assemble on the first Monday in June next. Delegations, composed of the best men in the South, will be present. The questions to be discussed are of the first interest, and grandest importance: and ought to attract the undivided attention of every well wisher of Southern improvement, of every advocate of Southern commercial independence. Railroads, direct trade with Europe from Southern ports; manufacturers, a communication with the Pacific by means of a steam or caloric locomotive, will be thoroughly and ably discussed .- N. O. Bulletin.

ONE HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR .- "A Maine Yankee" announces, through the Nat tional Intelligencer, the invention of a form of road and improved locomotive, which: he says, will safely transport the mails and pasi sengers at the rate of one hundred miles ner hour! The writer further says he has been made acquainted with the details of these improvements, " which are so palpably correct in theory, and feasible in practice, that every civil engineer and railroad man wiff, on examination, at once recognize and admit, as the desideratum, even to the extent of safety and speed above indicated." The next Congress, it is said, is to be invited to secure its adoption, and give to the world the result of the first experiment. The construction of a post-railroad between Washiington and New York, we think, will be hastened by this invention.

Hog Statistics .- The number of hogs packed at the West, embracing eight States, up to the 3d of March, is 2,014,005, being an increase of nearly half a million over the previous year; but this number is reduced bout one hundred thousand by the falling off in weight. The crop reduced to pounds, compared with last year, shows an excess the previous year of nearly eight millions of pounds, or an increase of twenty-four per-

NEWSPAPER READERS.-If subscribers to journals, like church members, in "stopping rattach of prizen force, a brave martyr to our loss was very inconsiderable in comaccuracy many others. The loss scribe for another, there would be some on-

And our four black horses pranced gailey

the sleigh.

Thus we arrived at Dbeautiful circle, and bringing the sleigh within half an inch of the steps. Just at that time stirring melody as on that winter night. I We a merry party; and on setting out do not like to hear it now. Ever since it sorrows, forged in the fiery furnace of youth ! Its clanking falls beavily upon my heart,

Our song ceased with the chime of sleigh bells! Our merriment had protected us giged herself for another scene of pleasure, against the cold, and it was no great matter although she knew I expected her to go with to overcome the numb sensation which sitting long in one position had produced; and we rose upon our feet. Youths leaned to the steps, and with playful complaints of being frozen, the girls, with their assistance did the same, with one exception. Lizzie sat

"Lizzie," said William. There was no reply.

"She is asleep!" said one of the girls

"I'll risk that in the noise we made!" exclaimed another.

"She is making believe!" said William peevishly. "She is only waiting for me to get out of the way. Well I'll humor her. Fred, be so good as to escort her in when

he is ready!"

And William to show himself independent she is ready!" -I have always supposed-walked proudly

" Come, Lizzie!" exclaimed Ellen Vimpatiently, "we are waiting for you." "She is actually asleep!" said I. "She

would not act so, I am sure, if she was not. Ellen shook her companion's shoulder. ferred Lizzie to Mary. As it was, I thought The Lilly drooped the more. Ellen pushed aside the thick veil, and endeavored to raise

"She won't wake up!" she exclaimed

"There is something wrong," muttered F-, who had given the reins to the ostler: "I am afraid!" said Ellen, starting back. ' I-I-think she has fainted !"

F- bounded into the sleigh. I saw him tear the thick glove from his hand, and lay his palm on Lizzie's face. A suppressed exclamation escaped his lips; no more; and lifting the Lilly in his arms as if she had been an infant, he bore her hastily into the hotel.

A vague terror had come over me. I helieve I feared the worst. Uncertainty made horror more horrible. I heard F- call for help the moment he entered the hall, and ed into the public parlor. I met William

"There is something the matter with Lizzie," I articulated.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

No such thing, Mr. Fold-up-your-hands; he world owes you not a single cent! You have done nothing these twenty years but consume the products earned by the sweat of other men's brows.

"You have eat, and drank, and slept; what then? Why eat, and drank, and slept aga n." And this is the sum total of your life. And he world "owes you a living? For what? How comes it indebted to you to that t ifling amount? What have you done for it? What

family in distress have you befriended !-What products have you created? What miseries have you alleviated? What acts have you perfected? The world owes you a living idle man! Never was there a more absurd idea! You have been a tax-a sponge upon the world ever since you come into it. It is your creditor in a vast amount. Your liabilities are immense, your assets are nothing, and yet you say the world is owing you. Go to! The amount in which you stand indebted to the world is greater than you will ever have the power to liquidate! You owe the world the labor of your two strong arms, and all the skill in work they might have gained; you owe the world the labor of that brain of yours, the sympathies of that heart, the energies of your being; you owe the world the whole moral and intellectual capabilities of a man! Awake, then, from that dreamy do-nothing state of slothfulness in which you live, and let us no longer hear that false assertion that the world

is owing you, until you have done something. POLITENESS AND CIVILITY DEFINED .- A living with well-bred people. True politeness is not ceremonious. Civility on the of great precipices. contrary is exceedingly so. Politeness has a language; delicate, soft agreeable. Civility is uncertain in its expressions. Politeness is simple, easy, soft, f an'c. Civility is stiff, awkward, and has little or no sincerity. A polite person makes us perfectly at ease; a civil one tires us, and fatigues our minds. A disinterested person is alway polite, an interested man is but civil.

MARRIAGE .- " No man ever knows when, where, or whom he'll marry. It's all nonsense planning and speculating about it. You might as well look out for a spot to fall in a steeple chase. You come smash down in the middle of your speculations."

THERE is a girl in Troy who wears such sunshiny face that when she goes out of oors the snow birds take her for summer, follow her about as if she had apple blossoms in her apron. With such a power in cheerfulness, isn't it singular that woman ever allow themselves to have the sulks?

"SAMMY run to the store and get some sugar," said a mother to her son, a promisng youth of ten summers. Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indis-

posed this morning. Send father and tell nim to bring me a bunch of good segars and to bring the mighty truth in thunder on our a plug of tobacco."

A FELLOW who was being led to execution told the officers they must not take him I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marthrough a certain street lest a merchant ry; for how could I hope to prevail on any "Are you come ne asked, somewhat zie, I articulated.

Either my words or my manner conveyed who resided there, should arrest him for an young lady possessed of the slighest delicaa fearful meaning to William's heart. Laugh- old debt!

that fearing New Year's Eve—as they do beings are dying the monne (Livery breath this free Republic, for that this saddened heart of mine! This this free Republic, for that you breathe is a human death knell. This mother of Andrew Jackson." sky is a canopy of a great death chamber. This earth is a cavernous and mighty sepulchre. And our times are appointed !- our day's are numbered! For a set time and an appointed, is-" The time to die!"

There is a time to die!" For whom? Oh, for all of us-for you to die, and for me. hardihoood in undertaking that hazardous difficut to impress it on the living conscience. and bachelors on the island are embracing lie cold, and shrouded and coffined in the vagabonds of either sex. Some of the cungrave. But alas, I can scarcely bring it ning rogues, however, will not swallow the to me-that this hand will soon be pulseless with such a sweet morsel as liberty. A simheart beat no more-this forehead pressed down by the coffin lid and the cold, dark victed of certain offences, and sentenced to earth. But yet, as sure as God liveth, it be hung at tyburn, if any lady could be comes-death comes-to all! Youth, beloved youth will die ere the spring brightens. Aged man-you whose head is a crown of glory in our midst-a few more days, and those gray locks will be put away from that Jack Ketch was about to perform his office roses, lupins, and all the labiate flowers, as forehead for the mourners to look upon .-Dear child, you will lie in a little coffin, cold, senseless, silent as the dead lie. Man-man that flashing eye will fade-that mighty heart w" break. Oh, I see it! A darkened chamber -friends gathering silently and sadly-bel-ved forms pressing to the bedsidea pale face, a convulsed frame-work. Oh, I hear it-the wild farewell-the breath drawn gaspingly-the broken-hearted sobbing of mother, of husband, of wife, of child, Oh, I see it !- the shroud-the coffin-the bier-the funeral train-the open grave! olite man is always civil, a civil "man is But whose? do you ask-whose? alas, yours!

In vonder prison there lies a man appointcome and stand in this place, how he would seems to him? How terrible these morning and evening bells that measure his being! hourly stroke on the great time-keeper !--How every sound on the dull ear, and every shadow that creeps through the gloomy cell, seems the footfall, the whisper, the shadow of that dread thing, Death! Death! And yet, is he nearer to death surely than we? Why, walking through these aisles-his shadow here-just behind that curtain. Hark! this nity are here. We sometimes picture life as a great path, leading to a precipice. But this is not true: it is a narrow path, right along a precipice! The verge crumbles now. Oh my God! write it on our hearts-send from the grave of the glorious dead a voice,

slumbering souls. A PUNSTER says, " My name is Somerset ev to turn a Somerset."

NEW MARRIAGE TRAP .- The British government is trying to hire the convicts at Van Dieman's Land to get married, by promising them freedom, as a reward for their Difficult I know it is to realize this -most enterprise. It is said that all the old maids I can believe that others are mortal. I can the opportunity to change their condition, believe that the dearest ones on earth will by marrying handsome young thieves and home to my own heart that death will come matrimonial hook even when it is baited -this voice soon be hushed forever-this ilar government policy was adopted once before in England. When a man was confound willing to espouse him under the gallows, he was forthwith pardoned and set at liberty, the marriage being considered punishment enough. On one occasion, when one immense flower garden. Tulips, primon a certain criminal, a lady stepped forth from the crowd and offered to take him for better or worse. The poor fellow looked at in your noble stature and unbent strength- her, then at the cord, hesitated for a moment, and finally expressed his determination in the following distich:-

"Long nose, sharp chin: Tie the rope, hangman !"

BURYING MONEY BY THE ARABS OF THE DESERT .- Dr. J. V. C. Smith, in a recent lecture on Palestine, alluded to the following circumstance: The Sheiks, or Arab Chiefs, are in the habit of burying their treasures in the sands of the desert; no not always polite. Politeness is in the mind, and yours and yours. Oh, my God, what, matter what it is, an American half-eagle or what is life? A cloud, a vapor, a dream that a tin box, anything which they wish to pregood education; it is the consequence of vanisheth—a tale that is told—a walk blind- serve secure, they at once repair to the some not even that much. I am practising folded amid open graves, and on the brink desert, and deposit it where none but themselves can hope to find it. When the Doctor me, there being little competition in surgery. visited the Dead Sea, he hired three Sheiks ed to execution. All appeals for executive to accompany him as guides and protectors; thousand dollars certain—heing Physician clemency have been in vain. On such a day, in such a month, he dies. Oh! if he could present always necessary at the close of a hargain; the Sheiks went immediately out preach to you. How think you the time into a desert place to deposit their money. Some of these Arabs live to be one hundred and twenty-five years old; they continue to How awful the slow movement of sunbeams | bury their wealth as long as they live; they along his dungeon walls! How wild each are reputed to be wealthy because they have much wealth buried; yet increase of riches make scarce any difference in their indulgence or mode of life. In their old age they forget where the articles are deposited and die without ever leaving anything for their children. It is supposed that where is death-away yonder? Nay, sirs; not less than a million of dollars in value is he is here—here—sitting in these seats— thus buried annually, and the time will come ease; should them terminate fatally, the when the searching for and recovering of doctor thinks Julius is a gone nigger; should falls between speaker and hearer—death is this hidden wealth will be an extensive and dey not terminate fatally, he hopes dis here! Where is eternity-years away? Nay, profitable business. 'The address was an exceedingly interesting and instructive one, little knock sounds through-death and eter- and listened to by as many as could gain admittance to the house .- Boston Traveler.

"FATHER, are there any boys in Con-

"No, my boy, why do you ask that question ?"

"Because the paper said the other day that one of the members kicked Mr. Corwin's Bill out of the house."

Some one computes that the rats of this country destroy fifteen millions of dollars worth of property every year. No allusion

a few years the placer diggings will be expendant upon her quartz mines and agricul-The valleys of the Sacramento and San

can be consumed in the whole State, be-

sides supporting immense herds of cattle: but being subject to inundation, they can never be cultivated to advantage. There are, however, other valleys nearer the Pacific, as well as some on the East, that are extremely fertile, and produce every vegetable in the greatest perfection. I have seen cabbage heads that weighed thirty-five pounds, and beets and radishes as large. Barley and oats are the natural products of the soil, and wheat grows in great perfec-

est perfection. The climate in the mountainous part of the State is too warm during the day to be pleasant. The hights are always cool. On the bay, and particularly at San Faancisco, the climate is delightful, and would be the finest in the world if it were not for western winds that prevail there during the summer months. The temperature is delightful, being seldom cold enough to render fire necessary, and never warm enough for sum-

well as a hundred others, grow in the great-

mer clothing to be comfortable. Professional men abound in this country particularly lawyers. Some of them have done well, as well as some physicians; but I have no doubt of doing well, having five to the State Marine Hospital.

A good saw mill is the best property in A good saw min is the tribing sure to pay. I am truly, yours,

"Julius, is you better dis morning?" "No, I was better yesterday, but I got

"Am der no hopes den Gi your discove-

"Discovery ob v.nat?" "Your discovery from der convalescence

which foteled yer on your back." "Dac depends, Mr. Snow, altogether on de prognostications which amplify the discolored individual wont die till anoder time. As I said before, it all depends on the prognostics, and till these come to a head, it is hard telling whedder de nigger will discontinue his come or not.

"Jonn, who was the wisest man?"

" Don't know, sir." "Yes, you do know, tell me."

" Wall I guess it was uncle, for father sez he was so cunning he got every body to trust him, and wan't fool enough to pay nobody."

AN ARTIST painted a cannon so naturally the other day, that when he finished the

mired at \$20 per month quartz malls will pay which was never sent to him, but which he ought to have detected in some of his exchange papers. We certify that E. F. wishes hausted, and California will be entirely de- to transfer his patronage to another Baper. because, having taken this paper six years without paying a cent, he felt himself insoft.
ed by having a bill sent to him by way of re-Joaquin will always yield more hay than minder, postage unpaid. We certify that B. B. in his own opinion, is a poet of the first water; but the editor, unfortunately differings from him in his opinion, is regarded by him as wholly unqualified for his office. We certify that I. J. has stopped his paper because the editor had the temerity to express an opinion on a certain matter without having previously ascertained the opinion of this particular subscriber."

THE Scotch are inquisitive people. Their various questions are deemed very obstrusive, and are carried to a length. Two gentlemen fell in together, both travellers on horse: back and strangers, to each other, when the following conversation took place.

"Raw evening sir," observed the one with an Aberdeen accent. "Yes rather," replied the other.

"You will be a stranger in these parts," continued the Aberdeenian! "If I can," laconically replied the other looking neither to the right hand not to the

"Perhaps, like myself you may be going-" Perhaps," responded the other vawn-

ing.
"In that case, perhaps you will put up at Gullen ?" "I may, or I may not," answered his

"Pardon me the liberty of the question sir, may I ask if you are a bachelor?"

"Oh! married? " No, no." "Sir, I beg your pardon, I may have unintentionally touched upon a painful subject; your olack dress ought to check my inqui-

rics; I beg your pardon sir a widower? " No, no, no." "No, no, no."
"Neither a bachelor, nor a married man, nor widower; in heaven's name Sir; then,

what can you be ?" "A divorced man, and be d-d to you. since you must know!" exclaimed the stranger, clapping spurs to his horse, and dashing out of sight instantly.

A SWEARING PARTY .- One of the counties of the State of Connecticut, (says the Knickerbocker,) boasts of a judge who, though poorly furnished with those little refinements usually met with in polished society, is an energetic, shrewd man, and a romising lawyer. A neighbor of his, some weeks ago, was about to give away his danghter in marriage, and having a deeprooted dislike to the clerical profession, and being determined, as he said, "to have no infernal parson in his house," he sent for his friend, the judge, to perform the ceremony. The judge came, and the candidates for the connubial yoke taken their places before him, he thus addressed the bride: "You swear you will marry this man?" sir," was the reply. "And you" (to the bride-groom) "swear you will marry this woman?" "Well, I do," said the groom. 'Then," says the judge "I swear you're

married!" Nothing is as pernicious as passion,